Haſt. His Grace lookes cheerfully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit,
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſer hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart preceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewen it in his face.
Dar. I Pray God he be not, *I* ſay.

Enter Gloſter.

Glo. *I* pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diuelliſh plots,
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild
*V*pon my bodie with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue *I* beare your Grace my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death.
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how *I* am bewitcht, behold mine arme
*I*s like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
*T*his is that Edwards wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet Shore,
*T*hat by their witchcrafts thus haue marked me.
Haſt. *I*f they haue done this thing my gratious Lord.
Glo. *I*f, thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
*T*elſt thou me of iffes? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head. Now by Saint Paul,
I will not dine to day *I* ſweare,
*V*ntill *I* ſee the ſame, ſome ſee it done:
*T*he reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Ha. *W*o wo for England, not a whit for me: *Ca. with Haſt.*
For *I* too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But *I* diſdaind it, and did ſcorne to flie,
*T*hree times to day my footecloth horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtartled when he lookt vpon the *T*ower,

As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
Oh, now I want the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were burcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour:
Oh Margaret, Margaret: now thy heauie curſe
Is lighted on poore Haſtings wretched head.
Cat. Diſpatch my Lord, the Duke would be at
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of he
*W*ho builds his hopes in aire of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a maſt,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my hea
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall be dead.

Enter Duke of Gloſter and Buckingham in ar

Glo. Come coſen, canſt thou quake & change t
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert diſtraught and mad with terror.
Buc. Tut feare not me.
I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like inforced ſmiles,
And both are readie in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior.*
Glo. Here comes the Maior.
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. Lord Ma
Glo. Looke to the drawbridge there.
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you.
Glo. Catesby ouerlooke the walles.
Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemie
Buc. God and our innocencie defend vs.
Glo. O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby.